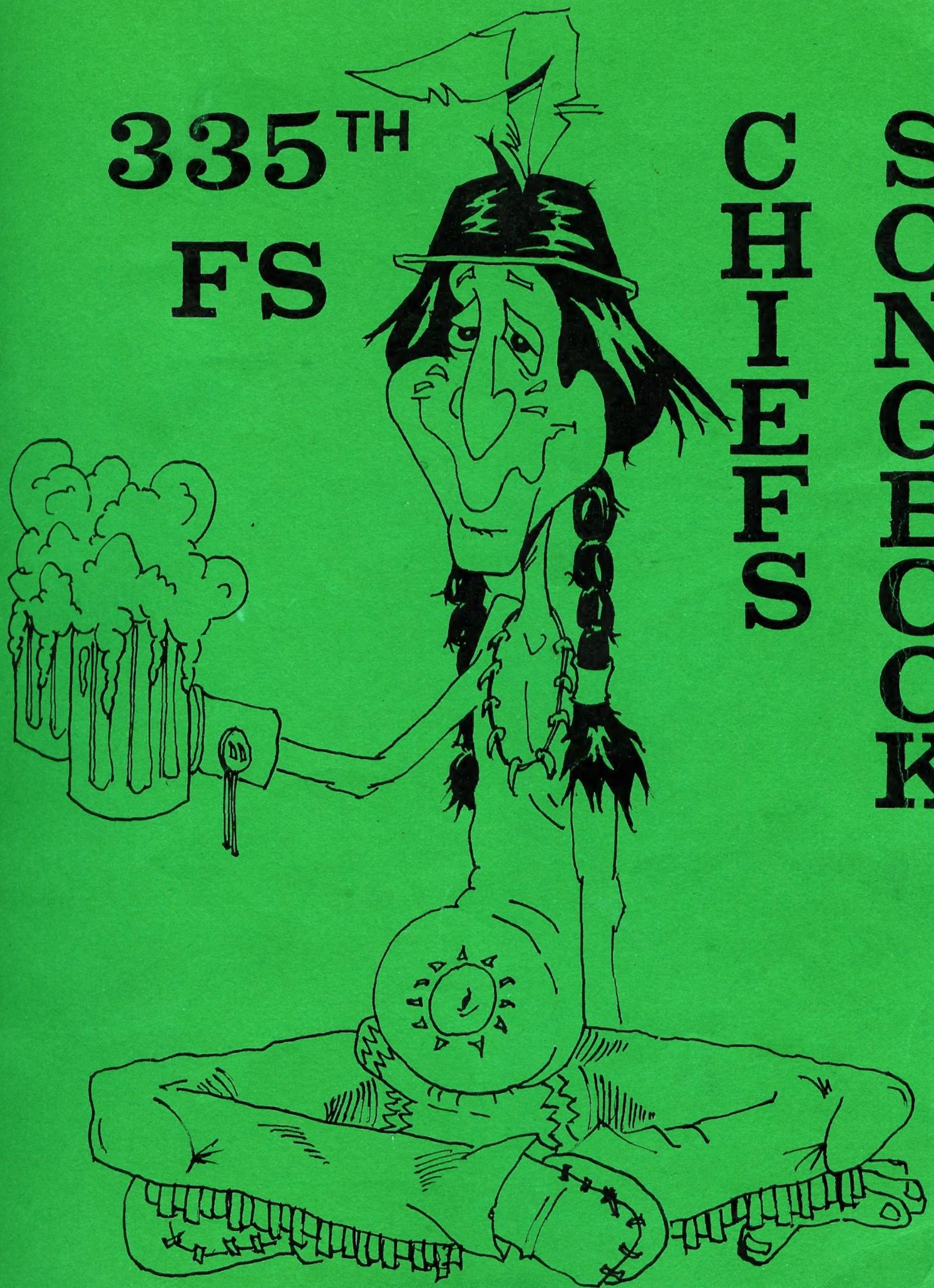


335TH
FS

SONGBOOK
CHIEFS



DEDICATION

This book contains our thoughts, our songs and our games. Lesser individuals who have never strapped their asses to a piece of flaming metal and hurled their bodies through the dead of night, skimming Terra Firma, will consider it of little or no redeeming social value. For this reason the contents of this book are held sacred by those of us who have; and need not concern those who do not and will not know what it means to fly a fighter.

For those gone, those here, and those yet to come, this book is our spirit and blood. If you fly a fighter, this book is for you....it is for us.

335 FIGHTER SQUADRON, "CHIEFS"



TABLE OF CONTENTS

I	VOCATION.....	PAGE 1
II	CODE OF CONDUCT.....	PAGE 2
III	BLANKET APOLOGY.....	PAGE 3
IV	SELECTED SONGS.....	PAGES 4-34
	AYE YI YI YI.....	4-6
	SAMMY SMALL.....	7
	I LOVE MY WIFE.....	8
	TO BE A FIREMAN.....	8
	O'LEARY'S BALLS.....	8
	THE LITTLE BIRD.....	8
	BY THE LIGHT.....	9
	HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE.....	9
	SWING LOW.....	10
	WILD WEST SHOW.....	10-11
	I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE.....	11
	GET IN GET OUT.....	12
	PUBLIC HAIRS.....	12
	HAIL BRITANNIA.....	12
	GANG BANG.....	13
	WOODPECKER SONG.....	13
	MY BABY LIKES IT BEST.....	14
	ADELINE SCHMIDT.....	15
	FIVE FOOT TWO.....	15
	I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO.....	16
	LEPROSY.....	17
	NAPE IS GREAT.....	17
	SCROTUM.....	17
	WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH.....	18
	END OF THE MONTH.....	18
	BANG BANG LULU.....	19
	OH BEAUTIFUL.....	20
	FIGHTER PILOTS.....	20
	ROLL YOUR LEG OVER.....	21
	BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER.....	22-23
	I'D RATHER FLY A WARTHOG.....	24
	MY HUSBAND.....	25
	BYE BYE CHERRY.....	25
	THE DUTCHESS AND THE TINKER.....	26
	ON THE WING AGAIN.....	26
	NAIL FAC RAG.....	27
	NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS.....	27
	THESE FOOLISH THINGS.....	28
	HIM HIM FUCK HIM.....	28
	FUNICULE FUNICULA.....	29
	NO BALLS AT ALL.....	29
	MARY ANN BURNS.....	30
	STRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE.....	30
	THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS.....	31

CONTENTS CONTINUED

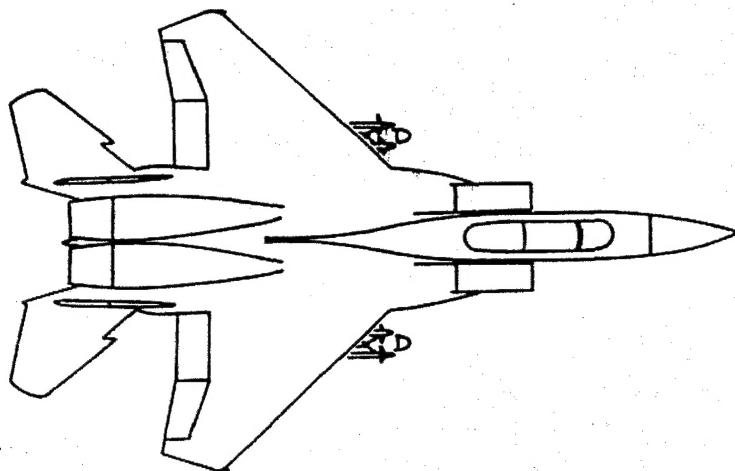
TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS.....	32
STAND TO YOUR GLASSES.....	32
I WANTED WINGS.....	33-34
BLESS THEM ALL.....	34
YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT.....	34
THE FAC SONG (DEAR MOM).....	35
THE AIR FORCE SONG.....	36
V OFFICIAL TOASTS.....	PAGE 37
A FIGHTER PILOTS TOAST.....	37
TOAST TO THOSE THAT FLY.....	37
THE AIRMAN'S LAMENT.....	37
HERE'S TO _____	37
TOAST TO HONORS.....	37
A WELCOMING TOAST.....	37
VI GAMES.....	PAGES 38-42
CRUD.....	38-39
BLOW PONG.....	39
DOLLAR BILL GAME.....	40
DECEASED INSECT.....	40
4,5,6.....	41
TWENTY ONE ACES.....	41
MAJORCA TWENTY ONE ACES.....	42
OUINJONGBU.....	42
VII BREVITY CODE.....	PAGES 43-44
VIII MISC GOOD STUFF.....	

VOCATION: 1115B/1111B

The average Fighter Pilot/Gator is one part lover and two parts tiger, with a dash of Sangfroid, a dollop of Oscar della soju, and a hunk of Weltschmerrz thrown in for good measure. He lives with a perpetually irritated bump on the bridge of his nose, where his oxygen mask rubs; is slightly deaf from listening to loud engines and radios; has low blood pressure and an even lower pulse rate; is uncomfortable on the ground in anything but a tight fitting phone booth; has trigger reflexes; eyeballs on the back of his helmet; broad peripheral vision; a rock-like bottom; and extremely articulate hands (with which he demonstrates innumerable combat maneuvers every day -- in between cigars). He also has the habit of looking at his fingernails often to see if they are turning blue (the basis of high altitude oxygen management).

He believes passionately that the only degree worth having is a PH.D. in Flyology, and is just as firmly convinced that the world is three drinks behind and there would be no more wars if people would only catch up. Many think that he is to be replaced by some sort of flying univac, to which he replies: "Where else can you find a non-linear servo mechanism weighing only 160 lbs and having such unusual adaptability that can be produced so cheaply by unskilled labor?"

When he eventually spins in and "buys the farm", he wants to do it with his boots on (Wellingtons, modified with zippers) and live forever more in a land populated by blondes; "where whiskey flows from telegraph poles, and there's poker every night.



U.S. FIGHTING MAN'S CODE OF CONDUCT

I am an American fighting man. I serve in the forces which guard my country and our way of life. I am prepared to give my life in its defense. I will never surrender of my own free will. If in command I will never surrender my men while they still have the means to resist. If I am captured, I will continue to resist by all means available. I will make every effort to escape and aid others to escape. I will accept neither parole nor special favors from the enemy. If I become a POW, I will give no information nor take part in any action which might be harmful to my comrades. If I am senior, I will take command. If not, I will obey the lawful orders of those appointed over me. When questioned, should I become a POW, I am required to give name, rank, serial numbers and date of birth. I will evade answering further questions to the utmost of my ability. I will make no oral or written statement disloyal to my country and its allies or harmful to their cause. I will forget that I am an American fighting man, responsible for my actions, dedicated to the principles which made my country free. I will trust in my God and the United States of America.

*Dedicated to all our American POW





DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE

HEADQUARTERS 4TH OPERATIONS GROUP (TAC)
SEYMORE JOHNSON AIR FORCE BASE, NC 27531-5000

REPLY TO
ATTN OF: Squadron Apology Officer (SAO)

SUBJECT: Blanket Apology Letter

TO: Whom it May Concern

1. The members of the 335 Fighter Squadron apologize for the following reasons:

- () Missed Sexual Harassment Awareness Training (SHAT)
- () Missed CBPO Records Review
- () Missed Dental Appointment
- () Missed Appointment General (Official Photo, Education office...)
- () Waking up Shoe Clerks during night flying
- () Offending Shoe Clerks and other non-entities with socially explicit Fighter songs
- () Making Shoe Clerks do their jobs
- () Calling Shoe Clerks "Shoe Clerks"
- () Not wearing a hat around base
- () Getting drunk and rowdy at _____
- () Yelling "FUCK" and other expletives in the O Club
- () Not displaying the proper sense of urgency for _____
- () Displaying macho prowess in the Closed Pattern
- () Flying too low or too fast over _____ on VR _____
- () Not wearing official patches on Friday
- () Always winning the Crud Tournament
- () Frustrating others with the excellence of "Chief Standard"
- () Blanket Apology (to be marked only when apologizing for Squadron action for the next 6 months.

signed,

Chief _____, USAF
335 FS, Chiefs

AYE, YI, YI, YI,

CHORUS: Aye, yi, yi, yi
...fighter pilots eat pussy...
So sing us another verse that's worse than the other verse
and waltz me around by my Willie.

There once was a girl from the Moors,
whose body was covered by sores.
The dogs on the street would not eat the green meat
that hung in the crotch of her drawers
CHORUS:...My grandma flies better than you do...

There once was a girl named Alice,
who used dynamite sticks as a phallus.
They found part of her vagina, in North Carolina,
and the rest of it landed in Dallas.
CHORUS:...Your sister does squat thrusts on fire plugs...

There once was a young man from Boston,
who drove a little red Austin.,
There was room for his ass, and a gallon of gas,
but his balls hung out and he lost 'em.
CHORUS:...Your Grandpa chews old swollen tampons...

There once was a man from Bombay,
who fashioned a twat out of clay.
But the heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick,
and tore all his foreskin away.
CHORUS:...Your father eats lunch at the sperm bank...

There once was a hermit named Dave,
who kept a dead whore in his cave.
He said "I'll admit, she does smell like shit,
but think of the money I save."
CHORUS:...Your brother eats moose cum off spruce trees.

There once was a FAC in the TASS,
whose balls were constructed of brass
when he rubbed them together, they played stormy weather,
and lightning shot out of his ass.
CHORUS:...Your grandmother swims after troop ships...

There once was a girl from France,
who boarded a train by chance.
The Engineer fucked her, so did the conductor
but the brakeman went off in his pants.
CHORUS:...Your mother licks bat shit off cave walls.

There once was an old maid from Wooster,
who dreamt that a pilot seduced her.
But when she awoke, it was only a joke,
a spring in the mattress had goosed her.
CHORUS:...You look like a cancerous scrotum...

There once was a girl from Peru,
who said as the Bishop withdrew,
"The Vicar is quicker, He's also a licker,
and considerably thicker than you."
CHORUS:...Your brother beats off at confession...

There once was a man from St. Clair,
who was doing his wife on the stair.
The banister broke, so he doubled his stroke,
and finished her off in mid air.
CHORUS:...Your grandmother douches with Drano...

There once was a girl named Myrtle,
who was raped on the beach by a turtle.
The result of that fuck, were two eggs and a duck,
which proved that the turtle was fertile.
CHORUS:...Your sister licks cum stains off bed sheets...

There once was a shoe clerk named Hall,
who had a hexahydronical ball.
The cube of its weight, times his pecker plus eight,
was 4/5 of 5/8 of fuck all.
CHORUS:...Your cousin just butt fucked my collie...

There once was a lady from Arden
Who sucked off a man in a garden
He said "My dear Flo, where does that stuff go"
she replied "(swallow hard) -I beg your pardon?"
CHORUS:...Your brother sucks farts from dead seagulls...

There once was a man named Springer,
who got his nuts caught in the wringer.
He shouted in pain as they rolled down the drain,
(falsetto voice) "There goes my career as a singer!"
CHORUS:...Your mother blows goats for a quarter...

There once was a priest from Morocco,
whose motto was really quite macho.
He said "to be blunt, God decreed we eat cunt,
why else would it look like a Taco?"
CHORUS:...Your brother burps sperm from your father...

There once was a whore named Maureen
whose twat wasn't kept very clean
The semen dripped out of that smelly old spout
which she scraped up and ate with saltines.
CHORUS:...Your sister dips crackers in butt cheese...

A frustrated girl from the sticks,
once planted an acre of pricks.
They came up in the fall, up to ten inches tall,
and she milked them each morning at six.
CHORUS:...Your father likes fondling hamsters...

There once was a man from Racine,
who invented a whack off machine.
On the 35th stroke, the fucking thing broke,
and powdered his balls into cream.
CHORUS:...Hussein is a dick smokin' arab...

There once was a man from Lutherage,
who was his parents' disparage.
He ate out his mother, sucked off his brother,
and licked out his sister's miscarriage.
CHORUS:...Your fathers' a lesbian drag queen...

There once was a girl from Llewellyn,
who I shall refer to as Helen.
While trying to please, she spread some disease,
from New York to the straits of Magellan.
CHORUS:...Your sister smells just like a shrimp boat...

There once was a man from Vancouver,
who thought he knew every maneuver.
Til a girl from Van Neyes, gave him a rise,
with the aid of a portable hover.
CHORUS:...In China they do it for chili...

There was a young man from Brock,
with a violin string 'round his cock.
With just one erection, he played a selection,
from Johan Sebastian Bach.
CHORUS:...Your mother goes down on the homeless...

There once was a WSO from Kent,
whose dick was so long it was bent.
To save himself trouble, he'd put it in double,
so rather than coming, he went.
CHORUS:...I haven't got any more limericks.

So don't sing another verse that's worse than the other verse,
get drunk and have sex with your filly.

SAMMY SMALL

Oh my name is Sammy Small... fuck 'em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small... fuck 'em all
Oh my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball,
But that's better than none at all
So, fuck 'em all

Oh they say I shot a man... fuck em all
Oh they say I shot a man... fuck em all
Oh they say I shot him dead with a piece of fucking lead
Now that silly fucker's dead...
So, fuck em all

Oh they say I'm gonna swing... fuck em all
Oh they say I'm gonna swing... Fuck em all
Oh they say I'm gonna swing from a piece of fucking string,
What a silly fucking thing...
Fuck 'em all

Oh the parson he will come... fuck em all
Oh the parson he will come... fuck em all
Oh the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove it up his bum...
Fuck 'em all

Oh the sheriff 'll be there too... fuck 'em all
Oh the Sheriff 'll be there too... fuck 'em all
Oh the Sheriff 'll be there too, with his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do.
Fuck 'em all

Oh they say I greased the rope... fuck em all
Oh they say I greased the rope... fuck em all
Oh they say I greased the rope, with a piece of fucking soap
What a silly fucking joke.
Fuck 'em all

Oh the hangman wears a mask... fuck'em all
Oh the hangman wears a mask... fuck'em all
Oh the hangman wears a mask, for his silly fucking task
He can shove it up his ass.
Fuck'em all.

(with reverence)

I saw Molly in the crowd... fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd... fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, and I felt so FUCKING PROUD,
That I shouted right out loud
"FUCK 'EM ALL!"

TO BE A FIREMAN

BANG BANG

CLANG CLANG

And the God Damned fire went out.

Oh, to be a fireman

To drive a fire engine red

To say to a team of white horses,

"Give me head, Give me head, Give me head."

My father was a fire man...He puts out fires.

My brother was a fire man...He puts out fires.

My sister Sal was a fireman's gal... She puts out too.

Second verse

My father was a Bus Driver... He goes down town.

My brother was a Bus Driver... He goes down town.

My sister Sal was a Bus Driver's gal... She goes down too.

With out her pants on.....

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife. Yes I do. Yes I do.

I love her truly.

I love the hole that she pisses through.

I love her ruby red lips and her lily white tits
and the hair around her asshole.

I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, gobble, chomp,
with a rusty spoon...with a rusty spoon.

O'LEARY'S BALLS

The balls of O'Leary are wrinkled and hairy.

They're shapely and stately like the dome of St. Paul's

The women all muster to see that great cluster.

Oh they stand and they stare at the great hairy pair
OF O'LEARY'S BALLS!

THE LITTLE BIRD

There was a little bird... no bigger than a turd
A-Sittin on a telegraph pole.

He ruffled up his neck, then he shat about a peck,
Then puckered up his little asshole.

Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole!
He puckered up his little ass hole.

BY THE LIGHT...

By the light ...-... of the flickering match ...-...
I saw her snatch ...-...in the watermelon patch, ooh-oooh.

By the light ...-...of the flickering match
I saw her gleam, I heard her scream
"You're burning my snatch!...with your goddamn match."

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(sung to the tune of My Bonnie lies over the ocean)

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace time they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they call out the God Damned reserves.

Chorus: Call out, Call out
Call out the Goddamned reserves, Reserves!
Call out, call out
Oh, Call out the Goddamned reserves.

Now here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call out the god damned reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists, they go to Korea
The regulars, they stay in Japan.

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God damned reservists
Their ass would be draggin' the floor

SWING LOW

(second verse hummed, third verse gestures only)

Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Comin' for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see
Comin' for to carry me home
A band of angels comin' after me
Comin' for to carry me home

WILD WEST SHOW

CHORUS:...Ohhhh, we're off to see the wild west show
The elephants and the Kangaroos
No matter what the weather
As long as we're together
We're off to see the wild west show

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the Wild West Show. Tonight for you we have the most fantastic, incredible, animal acts ever seen before the eyes of a man on the face of this earth. Ladies and gentlemen, may I INTRO:...Ladies and gentlemen, may I present the _____.

RESPONSE:...The _____ ?! Fantastic, Incredible, No Shit?!
Tell us about it Mother Fucker.

INTRO:...MATHMATICAL IMPOSSIBILITY...RESPONSE:...
The Mathematical Impossibility is a very strange girl indeed.
She the only girl who was 8 before she was 7.
CHORUS:...

FUCKAWI TRIBE
The Fuckawi Tribe is a very strange tribe indeed.
They are a group of three foot tall pigmies living in four foot tall grass,
who run around screaming "Where the fuckawi, where the fuckawi?"
CHORUS:...

THE OH NO BIRD
The Oh No Bird is a very strange bird indeed.
He is a bird with a 2 foot long scrotum and 1 foot legs.
When he comes in for a landing he yells "OOHHHHH NNOOOOOO"
CHORUS:...

LULU THE TATTOOED LADY
Lulu the Tattooed Lady is a very strange woman indeed.
She has a "W" tattooed on her right cheek and a "W" tattooed on her left;
When she bends over she spells "WOW"
And when she stands on her head she spells "MOM"
When she does cartwheels she spells "WOW-MOM-WOW..."
CHORUS:...

LULU THE TATTOOED LADY'S SISTER
Lulu the Tattooed Ladys sister is a very strange woman indeed.
She has " Merry Xmas" tattooed on one thigh, and "Happy New Year" tattooed on the other. Then she says "Why don't you come see me between the holidays?"
CHORUS:...

THE ORANGUTANG
The Orangutang is a very strange animal indeed.
He has one ball made out of silver, the other made out of brass. They click together when he walks and go Orang-gu-tang, Orang-gu-tang.
CHORUS:...

THE BENGAL TIGER

The Bengal Tiger is a very mean animal indeed.

The Bengal Tiger is the only pussy that'll eat you!

CHORUS:...

THE SHOE CLERK

The Shoe Clerk is a very srtange human like animal.

He's the only animal that you can throw in a barrel of tits and he'll come out sucking his own thumb.

CHORUS:...

PEANUT BUTTER LADY

The Peanut butter Lady is a very strange lady indeed.

She's the only lady that, when eaten, sticks to the roof of your mouth.

CHORUS:...

PERVERTED CONVERTIBLE

The Perverted Convertible is a strange car like creature.

It has two seats in the front, and sixty nine in the back.

CHORUS:...

DENTIST

The Dentist is a very strange creature indeed.

He's the only male around that gets to put his tool in your mouth.

CHORUS:...

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE

I fucked a dead whore by the road side
I knew right away she was dead
The skin was all gone from her tummy
The hair was all gone from her head.

And as I lay down there beside her
I knew right away I had sinned
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy
and sucked out the wad I shot in

Sucked out, sucked out
I sucked out the wad I shot in
SHOT IN!
Sucked out, sucked out
I sucked out the wad I shot in

GET IN GET OUT

I put my hand upon her toe, Yo ho, Yo ho. (repeat three times)

She said hey yankee you're way too low,
get in get out quit fuckin about, Yo ho, Yo ho

I put my hand upon her knee, yo ho yo ho. (repeat three times)

She said hey yankee, you're kiddin' me,
Get in get out quit fuckin about, Yo ho, Yo ho,

I put my hand upon her tit, yo ho, yo ho (repeat three times)

She said hey yankee quit squeezin it,
Get in get out quit fuckin about, Yo ho, Yo ho

I put my hand upon her twat, yo ho, yo ho (repeat three times)

She said hey yankee, you're hittin the spot,
Get in get out quit fuckin' about, Yo ho, Yo ho

And now she lies in a wooden box
From sucking so many yankee cocks, Get in get out quit fuckin about
Yo ho, Yo ho

PUBLIC HAIRS

(baby face)

Pubic hairs, you've got the cutest little pubic hairs
There's nothing in the world that quite compares
With pubic hairs

Penis or vagina, nothing in the world is finer
Pubic hairs, I'm in heaven when I'm in your underwear
I didn't need a shave, to take a mouthful of,
Your cutest pubic hairs.

HAIL BRITANNIA

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam
Three chinese crackers up your asshole

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam
two chinese crackers up your asshole

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam
One chinese cracker up your asshole

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam
No chinese crackers up your asshole

GANG BANG

Knock knock.....Who's there?

Anita.....Anita who?

CHORUS:...

I need a gang bang, I always will
because a gang bang gives me suck a thrill.
When I was younger and in my prime
I used to gang bang all the time
But now I'm older and turning gray
I only gang bang once a day!

Emma.....Emma who?

Emma some great tits on that lady, she needs a gang bang...

Karen.....Karen who?

I ain't carin' who I need a suck, I need a fuck, I need a gang bang....

Ben Hur.....Ben Hur who?

Bend her over, fuck her over, I need a gang bang....

Wilma.....Wilma who?

Will ma' finger do, my zipper stuck, I need a gang bang....

Gladiator.....Gladiator who?

Glad he ate her, before he took her to the gang bang....

WOODPECKER SONG

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said "God bless my soul
take it out, take it out, take it out, REMOVE IT"

So, I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said "God bless my soul
put it back, put it back, put it back, REPLACE IT"

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said "God bless my soul
turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, REVOLVE IT"

So, I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said "God bless my soul
in and out, in and out, in and out, RECIPROcate IT"

So, I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said "God bless my soul
pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, RETRACT IT"

So, I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole
and the woodpecker said "God bless my soul
take a smell, take a smell, take a smell, REVOLTING!"

MY BABY LIKES IT BEST

Blow job, Blow job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B
Na na' Na na' na'
Blow job, Blow job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B
Na na' Na na' na'

East side, west side, north side, south
My baby likes it best when I cum in her mouth
Oh, blow job, blow job, B-L-O-W-J-O-B
Na na' Na na' na'

Tit fuck, tit fuck, T-I-T-F-U-C-K
Na na' Na na' na'
North side, east side, south side, west
My baby likes it best when I cum on her chest
Oh, tit fuck, tit fuck, T-I-T-F-U-C-K
Na na' Na na' na'

Butt fuck, butt fuck, B-U-T-T-F-U-C-K
Na na' Na na' na'
Now you all may think that this is absurd
But, my baby likes it best when I cum in her turd
Oh, butt fuck, butt fuck, B-U-T-T-F-U-C-K
Na na' Na na' na'

Incest, incest, I-N-C-E-S-T
Na na' Na na' na'
My sister Sue likes my uncle Tom
But, My baby likes it best when I cum in my mom
Oh, incest, incest, I-N-C-E-S-T
Na na' Na na' na'

Cadaver, cadaver, C-A-D-A-V-E-R
Na na' Na na' na'
Working in the morgue really gives me a lift
But, my baby likes it best when I cum in a stiff
Oh, cadaver, cadaver, C-A-D-A-V-E-R
Na na' Na na' na'

Cunnilingus, cunnilingus, C-U-N-N-I-L-I-N-G-U-S
Na na' Na na' na
Now you may think that you're really hung
but, my baby likes it best when I use my tongue
Cunnilingus, cunnilingus, C-U-N-N-I-L-I-N-G-U-S

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt,
who went to the doctor, cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,
and up went the window, and out went her ass.

CHORUS:...

It was brown, brown, shit all around
Brown, brown, shit all around
It was brown, brown, shit all around
The whole world was covered with shit shit shit shit

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy
And a big piece of shit hit him right in the eye

CHORUS:...

That handsome young copper he cursed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
and neath London Bridge you can still see him sit
with a sign 'round his neck saying "blinded by shit"

FIVE FOOT TWO

Five foot two, eyes of black
but God how can they put up flak
Has anybody seen my chute?

Chained to the gun, so they can't run
but oh how could they shot that gun
Has anybody seen my chute?

Oh how we blasted off, feelin' mean, loaded to bear
just one pass, then haul ass, please don't send me back up there

Fifty seven, twenty three, great big bullets goin' by me
Has anybody seen my chute?

Now if you go up there, better prepare, for walkin' back home
It's quite far, to the bar, when you E and E alone

But I'll fly far, and I'll fly near, just as long as I don't hear
Beeper, Beeper, come up voice
You motherfuckers
Beeper, Beeper, come up voice

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

CHORUS:...

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more

CHORUS:...

A lady came in, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she adored
"Felt" she said, and felt her I did
I did, but i don't any more

CHORUS:...

A lady came in, she asked for a cake
I asked her what kind she adored
"Layer" she said, and lay her I did
I did, but I don't any more

CHORUS:...

A lady came in, she asked for some birds
I asked her what kind she adored
"Love" she said, and love her I did
I did, but i don't any more

CHORUS:...

A lady came in, she asked for a band
I asked her what kind she adored
"Rubber" she said, and rub her I did
I did, but i don't any more

CHORUS:...

A lady came in, she asked for some food
I asked her what kind she adored
"Pet" she said, and pet her I did
I did, but I don't any more

CHORUS:...

A lady came in, she asked for a rope
I asked her what kind she adored
"Jump" she said, and jump her I did
I did, but I don't any more

CHORUS:...

A lady came in, she asked for some china
I asked her what kind she adored
"Bone" she said, and bone her I did
I did, but I don't any more

LEPROSY

(tune yesterday)

Leprosy, All my skin is falling off of me,
I'm not half the man I used to be,
Oh, how did I get Leprosy.

Syphillis, It all started with one simple kiss,
Now it even hurts to take a piss,
Oh, how did I get syphillis.

Why her box was sick, I don't know she didn't say
Now my dripping dick won't get thick like yesterday

Yesterday, my cock was always coming out to play,
Now it needs two weeks to hide away...
Oh, I believe in yesterday....

NAPE IS GREAT

(Tea for Two)

Nape is great, so hit my grids
It burns, it bakes, it sticks to kids
Nape is great, so drop it on their heads
(watch 'em burn and see their guts pop out)

When you drop a can or two
It hits their bogs and sticks like glue
Nape is great and cures their acne too!

SCROTUM

Scrotum, Scrotum --- S-C-R-O-T-U-M
Mangy, grangey covered with hair
What would you do if it wasn't there
Your Scrotum, Scrotum S-C-R-O-T-U-M!

Hangs a little low and a little behind
Comes in a bag with a fancy design
Your Scrotum, scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M

Fun to play with every night
Better watch out if you get in a fight
Your Scrotum, your scrotum S-C-R-O-T-U-M

Fits right in the palm of your hand,
Only thing that proves you're a man
Your scrotum, your scrotum, S-C-R-O-T-U-M

It holds your balls in, S-C-R-O-T-U-M
It's fun to play with, S-C-R-O-T-U-M

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH...

What shall we do with Iraqi Fulcrums
What shall we do with Iraqi Fulcrums
What shall we do with Iraqi Fulcrums earli in the morning

Shoot em in the face with a sparrow missile
Shoot em in the face with a sparrow missile
Shoot em in the face with a sparrow missile, earli in the morning

What shall we do with Iraqi Floggers....
Shoot em up the ass with an IAM 9 Lima...

What shall we do with Iraqi helos....
Blow em straight to hell with an LGB oh....

What shall we do with Iraqi soldiers.....
Burn away their flesh with incendiaries....

What shall we do with Iraqi widows...
Shoot their sons and fuck their daughters....

THE END OF THE MONTH

(Tune The Caissons go rolling along)

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well,
as the end of the month rolls around.

You'd better give up the rump or it'll be a bloody stump
as the end of the month rolls around

CHORUS:...For it's hi, hi hee in the kotex industry
Shout out your orders loud and strong
Super, regular, large, we've got rags to fit a barge
as the end of the month rolls around

You can tell by the stench that there's trouble up her trench
as the end of the month rolls around

Her little thing starts to sing when you pull upon the string
as the end of the month rolls around
CHORUS:...

You're gonna gag in a bag if you try to eat her rag
as the end of the month rolls around

It's no surprise on her thighs when you see a million flies
as the end of the month rolls around
CHORUS:...

BANG BANG LULU LULU

CHORUS:...Bang Bang Lulu
Lulu bangs all day
Who we gonna bang on when Lulu goes away

Lulu had a chicken, Lulu had a duck
She put them on the table to see if they would

CHORUS:...

Lulu had a boyfriend, his name was Diamond Dick
She never got the Diamonds, she always got the.....

CHORUS:...

Lulu had a brother, his name was Tiny Tim,
She put him in the river to see if he could swim.

CHORUS:...

Timmy burped and gargled, and headed for the falls,
Lulu reached and grabbed him, she grabbed him by his....

CHORUS:...

Rich women use a Kotex, poor girls use a rag,
Lulu's crack is so damn big she uses burlap bags.

CHORUS:...

Rich girls wear rings of gold, poor girls rings of Brass,
The only ring that Lulu has, is the one around her....

CHORUS:...

Rich girls drive a Porsche, poor girls drive a truck,
The only time that Lulu rides is when she wants to.....

CHORUS:...

I wish I were a pisspot, under Lulu's bed,
Every time she stooped to pee, I'd see her maidenhead.

CHORUS:...

I wish I were a finger on Lulu's little hand,
'Cause every time she wiped her ass, I'd see the promised land

CHORUS:...

Lulu had a baby, she had it on a rock
She couldn't call it Lulu, 'cause the bastard had a.....

CHORUS:...

Lulu had two boyfriends, one was very rich,
One was the son of a banker, the other a son of a.....

CHORUS:...

Last time I saw Lulu, I haven't seen her since,
She was sucking off a tiger, through a barbed wire fence.

CHORUS:...

OH BEAUTIFUL
(tune America the Beautiful)

Oh Beautiful for spreading thigh,
For pubic patch of brown.
For four quart bosom majesty,
Bouncing up and down.
Oh Erica, Oh Erica,
Now spread your legs for me...
I'll bury my head in your furry bed,
Between your spreading knees.

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell,
Oh there are no fighter-pilots down in hell,
The place is full of queers, Navigators, Bombadiers,
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

CHORUS:...Singing glorious, victorious, one keg of beer for the four of us,
Singing glory be to God, that there are no more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone.
Damn near, pass the beer, to the rear, of the squadron.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states,
Oh there are no fighter pilots on the states,
They are off to foreign shores, making mothers out of whores.
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states.

CHORUS:...

Oh the tanker pilots life is but a farce,
Oh the tanker pilots life is but a farce,
The auto-pilots on, while he's reading on the john.
Oh the tanker pilot's life is but a farce.

CHORUS:...

You can tell a garbage hauler by his ass
You can tell a garbage hauler by his ass
It is forty inches wide, getting wider by the ride,
You can tell a garbage hauler by his ass.

CHORUS:...

Take a look at the _____ in the club,
Take a look at the _____ in the club,
They don't party they don't sing, but the CHIEFS do everything.
Take a look at the _____ in the club.

CHORUS:...

Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty but it's nice,
If you ever do it once, you'll do it twice,
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase the population,
Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty but it's nice.

CHORUS:...

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all the young maidens were like trees in a forest,
I'd make an axe and split their clitoris

Chorus... Oh roll your leg over, roll your leg over,
roll your leg over, its better that way.

If all the young maidens were like bricks in a pile,
I'd be a Mason and lay them in style.

Chorus...

If all the young maidens were like fish in a pool
I'd be a shark with a waterproof tool.

Chorus...

If all the young maidens were bats in a steeple,
I'd be a HE bat, and there'd be more bats than people.
Chorus...

If all the young maidens were blades of grass,
I'd be a mower and cut me some ass.

Chorus

If all the young maidens were like statues of Venus,
I'd be equipped with a petrified Penis.

Chorus...

If all the young maidens were stars in the sky,
I'd be a comet and shoot through their thighs.

Chorus...

If all the young maidens were B-29's
I'd be a Fighter and buzz their behinds.

Chorus...

If all the young maidens were pies on a shelf,
I'd be a Baker, and eat em myself.

Chorus...

If all the young maidens were little white flowers,
I'd be a bee and buzz them for hours.

Chorus...

If all the young maidens were like bells in a tower,
I'd be a clapper and bang them for hours.

Chorus...

If all the young maidens were like little red foxes,
I'd be a hunter and shoot up their boxes.

Chorus...

BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness
And when the ball was over there were four and twenty less.

CHORUS:...Balls to your partner, ass against the wall
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night
You've never been laid at all.

The village parson he was there dressed up in his shroud
Swinging on a chandelier and pissing on the crowd.

The parsons wife she was there keepin' 'em all in fits
Jumping off the mantle piece and bouncing off her tits.

The village whore she was there a sittin on the floor
Every time she spread her legs, the suction closed the door.

The bride was in the kitchen explaining to the groom
The vagina not the rectum was the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the bedroom explaining' to the bride
That the penis not the scrotum is the part that goes inside.

The village cripple he was there but the could not do much
He lined them up against the wall and fucked them with his crutch

The village idiot he was there, and in the corner he sat,
Amusing' himself and abusing himself and catching' it in his hat.

Little Johnny he was there acting quite the fool
Pulling foreskin over his head and whistling through His tool.

There was friggin in the hallway and friggin on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet for the mass of curly hairs.

The village cobbler he was there, with his hammer and his awls,
Amazing all the ladies with the great size of his balls.

There was friggin in the hayloft, friggin in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music for the swishin of the pricks.

Up got an aged veteran, who fought in many wars,
He jumped upon a table and cried aloud for whores.

The village copper he was there he'd on his fancy socks,
He'd fucked a lassie forty times and found she had the pox.

The district nurse she was there, she's the best of all,
She stuck her ass against the door and said come one come all.

The prosties daughter she was there, all draped up in front
With poison ivy up her ass and thistles up her cunt.

The village parson, he was there among the virgin women,
He took pure Nellie upon his knee and filled her full of semen.

The village loonie he was there, he was an awful ass,
He went into the granary, and stuffed his ass with grass.

The plumber and his mate were there, they had it in their rules,
When coming' to attend the bar not to forget their tools.

First lady forward, second lady back,
First lady's finger up the second lady's crack.

Little Willie he was there, he was only eight,
He was too young to join the fun, so he had to masturbate.

The teacher from the school was there she didn't bring her stick,
She wasn't much to look at but she could surely take a prick.

The village blacksmith he was there, he was a mighty man,
He had two balls between his legs that rattled when he ran.

The village mailman he was there, he had a dose of pox,
He couldn't get a woman so he fucked the letter box.

Round about the washing house and in among the sticks,
You couldn't see a blade of grass for balls and standing pricks.

Oh the village butcher he was there, cleaver in his hand,
Every time he turned around he circumcised the band.

Oh the rugger he was there, he thought himself a stud,
They found him in the barnyard, a pulling on his pud.

Oh the village giant he was there, a mighty man was he,
He lined the girls against the wall and fucked 'em 3 by 3

Oh the village idiot he was there, up to his favorite tricks,
Bouncing on his testicles, and whistling through his prick.

The Queen was in the parlor heating bread and honey,
The King was in the chambermaid and she was in the money.

The crafty burglar, he was there all dressed up in black,
He'd sneak right up behind the girls and fuck them from the back.

The village baker, he was there, although he was a runt,
he was too short to find a girl, so he baked one with a cunt.

The village sheriff he was there, toting a big gun,
He'd whip out his piece to show his niece, but it was all in fun.

And when the ball was over, the girls did all suggest,
They sure enjoyed the music but the fucking was the best.

I'D RATHER FLY A WARTHOG

Oh, I'd rather fly a Warthog
on a twenty five foot strafing run
We'll get down in the grass, and kick Ivans ass
With our 30 mike mike gatling gun

Oh, don't make me an F-15 jock
Those bastards sure know how to talk
You can't press the attack when your engines roll back
So don't make me an F-15 jock.

Don't give me a Foxtrot one six
With a handle instead of a stick
She'll get on your tail, but the engine will fail
Don't give me a foxtrot one six

Don't give me an A-7D
My computers my manhood to me,
Without his black box, he aint much of a jock
So don't give me an A-7D

Don't give me a Foxtrot four D
With two people where one should be
They train you at Luke, and then give you a nuke
Don't give me a foxtrot four D

Oh, don't give me a Tango three eight
It's small and it's sleek and that's great.
They'll put you in the pit with your hand on your dick
Don't give me a Tango Three Eight.

Oh, don't fly my hog into a cloud
Or you'll hear me crying out loud
They don't pay me the wages to fly on the gauges
Don't fly my hog in a cloud

Don't give me a F-104
That airplane's a ground loving whore
She'll cough and she'll wheeze, and head straight for the trees
So don't give me an F-104

Don't give me a Foxtrot 5-E
An aggressor I don't want to be
It's tough to get laid, when you're a big training aid
Oh, don't give me a Foxtrot 5-E

Don't give me a Phantom Two
It's TACs two seat B-52
Drop your bombs, go around, hope they all hit the ground
Don't give me a Phantom 2

MY HUSBAND

My husband's a Colonel, a Colonel, a Colonel
A very fine Colonel is he
All day he makes plans, he makes plans, he makes plans
and at night he comes home and makes me
CHORUS:...

Oh, sing a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the band
follow the band, follow the band
Oh, sing a little bit, fuck a little bit, follow the band
join in our happy song

My husband's a Major, a Major, a Major
A very fine major is he
All day he chews ass, chews ass, chews ass
and at night he comes home and chews me
CHORUS:...

My husband's a Captain, a Captain, a Captain
A very fine Captain is he
All day he fucks off, fucks off, fucks off
and at night he comes home and fucks me
CHORUS:...

My husband's a Lieutenant, Lieutenant, Lieutenant
A very fine Lt is he
All day he eats shit, eats shit, eats shit
and at night he comes home and eats me
CHORUS:...

My husbands's a WSO, a WSO, a WSO
A very fine WSO is he
All day he rides Eagles, rides Eagles, rides Eagles
and at night he comes home and rides me

BYE BYE CHERRY

Back your ass against the wall
Here I come balls and all
Bye bye cherry

Won't your mother be disgusted
When she finds your cherry busted
Bye bye cherry

Wrap your legs around a little tighter
I can feel my load is getting lighter
Shake your ass and wiggle your tits
Till my little pecker spits
Cherry, bye, bye

THE DUTCHESS AND THE TINKER

The dutchess of the mansion was dressing for the ball,
when out through the window she saw him pissin on the wall.
CHORUS:...

With his bloody red kidney-wiper and his balls the size of these
and a yard and a half of foreskin, hanging down below his knees.

So she wrote this Tinker a letter and in it she did say
I'd rather be fucked by you, than my husband any day

CHORUS:...

So the Tinker mounted his charger and in it he did ride
his balls slung over his shoulder and his penis by his side

CHORUS:...

Oh, he rode up to the mansion, he rode up to the hall
"My God" said the butler, "he's come to fuck us all!"

CHORUS:...

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor, he fucked them in the bed
"Lord save us" cried the chambermaids, "we've lost our maidenheads."

CHORUS:...

Oh, he fucked the Dutchess standing, and he fucked her against the wall
but when he fucked the butler twas the dirtiest fuck of all

CHORUS:...

Oh, he rode out from the mansion, out into the street
with the little drops of semen pitter patterning on his feet

CHORUS:...

Oh, the Tinker's dead and buried and I'll bet he's gone to hell
Some say he fucks the devil and I know he fucks him well

CHORUS:...

ON THE WING AGAIN

On the wing again
Just can't wait to get on the wing again
The life I love is flying Eagles with my friends
so I can't wait to get on the wing again

On the wing again
Going places that I've never been
Bombing things I may never bomb again
I can't wait to get on the wing again

On the wing again
Like a tribe of Injuns we roar down from the skyway
We're the best of friends
Insisting that the bombs keep falling our way
Spiking our way

I'll be "ttwo" again
Just can't to be old "Chief Two" again
The life I love is flying Eagles with my friends
Oh, i can't wait to be old "Chief Two" again.

NAIL FAC RAG

I'm a Nail, I fly the trail
I drop bombs on Nuyen's tail
Can anybody see my smoke

CBU, rockeye too
Even Eighty-twos will do
Can anybody see my smoke

Now if you run into a ZSU, you're flying to low
Triple A, everyday, that's the only way to go
Thunderstorms all around
I can't even see the ground
But Hillsburger won't let me go

I want to RTB to 93
The weather is shitty at NKP
But Hillsburger won't let me go

I'm at the catcher's mitt, took a hit
Wooo, my shit is weak
Fuckin' A, it ain't my day, Nuyen blew my shit away

I'm in the chute, comin' down, Nuyen waiting on the ground
So beeper beeper come up voice, you mother fucker
beeper beeper come up voice

NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

17 kids in a free-fire zone
Hand in hand they're walking home
Last child he walks home alone
NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

Deadly Cobras on the rise
Armed and ready, no surprise
Killing gooks is macho cool
NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

Little child sucking on her mother's tit
Next to them is a burning pit
Dow Chemical don't give a shit
NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

Peaceful village at the end of the day
Got to increase BDA
Hideous screams and burning flesh
NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

Get down close to see your work
Watch 'em run, you just smirk
Drop those cans on a VC jerk
NAPALM STICKS TO KIDS

THESE FOOLISH THINGS

A book of sex with fifty well thumbed pages,
An old French letter that has been used for ages.
Abortions, quite a few
These foolish things remind me of you.

The limp inertness of a used French Letter
That I discarded when I knew you better,
A bed of creaking springs
These foolish things remind me of you.

The newsboys calling out "late night final"
The faint odor of a Gents urinal
Oh how the memory clings
These foolish things remind me of you.

The lumpy sofa we had our shags on
The smell that told me you had your rags on
Oh how the memory clings
These foolish things remind me of you.

A ten pound boobie in a loose brassiere,
A twat that twitches like a mooses ear,
A used up rubber in a pool of beer,
These foolish things remind me of you.

A bloody Kotex in a toilet bowl
A pubic hair upon my breakfast roll
That gush of jism from your gaping hole
These foolish things remind me of you.

A bloody fetus on a marble slab
Dried up blood upon your Syphillis scab
A Toothless blowjob in a taxi cab
These foolish things remind me of you.

HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!

There's _____

Why was he born so beautiful?
Why was he born at all?
He's no Fucking use to anyone,
He's only got one ball.
He ought to be publicly chastised, (pissed on)
He ought to be publicly shot,
And tied to a urinal, and left there to fester and ROT!

HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM.....

FUNICULE, FUNICULA

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate,
It felt so good, I knew it would.
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat,
It felt so nice I did it twice.

You should really see me on the short strokes
It feels so grand I use my hand.
You must really catch me on the long strokes,
It feels so neat I use my feet.

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor,
Smash it, bash it, shove it through the door.
Some people think that Fucking's grand.

NO BALLS AT ALL!

There once was a girl named Sarah McFOX,
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box.
She married a man named Patrick McCall,
with a very short pecker and no balls at all.

CHORUS:...WHAT! No Balls At All?
No! No Balls At All!
A very short pecker and no balls at all.

The very first night they were wed,
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed.
She reached for his pecker, it was very small,
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all!
CHORUS:...

Now mother, dear mother, Oh what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw.
I reached for his pecker it was very small,
I reached for his balls he had no balls at all!
CHORUS:...

Oh, daughter, dear daughter, don't be so sad;
It was the same trouble I had with your dad.
There's many a man who will answer the call,
of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.
CHORUS:...

The daughter went home, took the mothers advice,
and found the result most exceedingly nice.
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall,
to the wife of a man who had no balls at all.
CHORUS:...

MARY ANN BURNS

Ooooooh, Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats.
She could do tricks, that can give a man the shits!
She can shoot green peas from her fundamental orifice,
Do a double back flip and catch 'em on her tits!

She is a great big sum bitch, twice as big as me!
Got hair on her ass, like branches on a tree!
She, can, swim, fish, fight, fuck,
Fly a fighter, drive a truck....

Mary Ann Burns is the girl for.... me.

SRAFE THE TOWN AND KILL THE PEOPLE

(tune Wake the town and tell the people)

Strafe the town and kill the people;
Drop your high drags in the square.
Roll in early Sunday morning---
Try to catch them all at prayer.

Spread your CBU down main street,
See the arms and legs and hair;
Watch them crawling toward the clinics,
Put a pod of rockets there.

See the fat old pregnant woman
Running 'cross the field in fear,
Run your thirty mike mike through her,
Hope the film comes out real clear.

Sprinkle candy in the courtyard,
Watch the orphans gather 'round.
Arm your thirty millimeter,
Mow those little bastards down.

Put some funnies on the village,
Put some Napalm on the school;
If you catch any ground fire,
Don't forget the golden rule.

Spray the crops and kill the farmers,
Spray them with your poison gas.
Watch them throwing up their breakfast,
As you make your second pass.

Call the fence and safe the switches,
Another mission almost done--
Out of gas and ammunition,
Isn't killing people fun!

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS

Tune: Throw a nickel on the drum)

Oh, I lined up on the runway and headed for the ditch
Looked down at my prop, my God it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air
Glory, glory, halleluja, how did I get there?

Chorus... Oh halleluja, oh halleluja
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilots ass
Halleluja, halleluja
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved!

I started to buzz, I thought that I was clear
And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near.
I met the flying board, they gave me the works
Glory, glory, halleluja, what a bunch of fucking jerks.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground
Got a call from mobile, "pull up and go around"
I racked that old Warthog in the air, a dozen feet or more
The bastard snapped, I'm on my back, Oh save me Mr. Wizard!

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
When I made the final turn, my God I racked it tight
The engines coughed and sputtered, the ship began to weave
Mayday, Mayday, Col. (wing DO), Spin instructions please!

Strafin' on the panel, I made a pass too low
Came a call from tower, "one more and home you go"
I pulled that mighty Warthog, and hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when work is done this fall.

I was crusin' down the yalu doin' six and fifty per
When I called to my flight leader, "Oh won't you help me sir"
I've got flak holes in my wingtips, my tanks aint got no gas.
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I've got six Migs on my ass!

I rolled into my bombrun, trying to set the pipper right,
When a sam came off the launchpad, and headed for our flight.
Then four informed me "Hey two you'd better break!"
I racked that plane so damn hard, It made the whole thing shake

I started my recovery, it seemed things were all right.
When I felt the damndest impact and saw a blinding flash of light
I held the stick with all my might, against the finding force
Then four screamed at me, "hey two you've had the course"

As I descended in my chute, my thoughts were rather grim.
Rather than be a prisoner, I'd fight them to the end
I hit the ground and staggered up, and looked around to see
There in blazing neon, Hanoi Hilton welcomed me.

TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

On the first night of Christmas, my true love gave to me
A hand job in a pear tree.

On the second night of Christmas, my true love gave to me
Two brass balls, and a hand job in a pear tree.

On the third.....

Three French ticklers, two brass balls....

Four cock suckers.....

Five mother fuckers.....

Six scrotums swinging.....

Seven sacks of shit.....

Eight assholes aching.....

Nine nipples nibbling.....

Ten titties tingling.....

Eleven lesbians licking....

Twelve twats a-twitching...

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

We sit 'neath the resounding rafters
The walls all around us are bare
They echo back the laughter
It seems that the dead are all here

We climb in the purple twilight
We loop in the silver dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us
To show where our friends have all gone

CHORUS:...

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we
We are the boys that they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we
Up in headquarters they scream and they shout
'bout lots of things they know nothing about
But we are the boys they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we

Cut off from the land that bore us
Betrayed by the the land that we find
The good men have gone before us
And only the dull left behind

So stand by your glasses steady
The world is a web of lies
Here's to the dead already
Hurrah for the next now who dies

I WANTED WINGS

I've been alive, twenty years plus four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit,
I went to pilot school,
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded and like a fool I made it,
And then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,
Buster

I wanted wings
Till I got the God-damned things,
Now I don't want them any more.

To keep my bod alive, they taught me to survive,
At a place nestled in the hills,
They fed me porcupine,
And other goodies fine,
Penicillin to cure all my ills.

CHORUS

And in three weeks I made it, they said I graduated,
Well buddy if that's livin'
I think that I'll give in,
CHORUS

You can have your He-man training in the snow and when its raining
I'd rather be a weenie,
With my tootie and martini,
CHORUS

I don't want to stay but I cannot get away
In Hanoi they all love parades,
Each day we take a walk,
Through Hanoi Central Park,
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mammas, dress us all in black pajamas,
Spectators they just sit there,
Sometimes they throw rocks, sometimes just sit there,
CHORUS

These lines are in jest, Phantom drivers are the best,
At flying and chasin' women too,
the goods that they deliver,
Are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell this war was through.

And for some it is all over, they lie down beneath the clover,
For they did go down in flames,
But we will not forget their names,
BUSTER

They wanted wings,
And they've truly got their wings,
And will wear evermore.

For there are no regulations for those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it well,
They can split-S down to hell,

BUSTER

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings
And they will wear them evermore.

BLESS THEM ALL

Bless them all, bless them all,
The needle, airspeed, and the ball.
Bless all the instructors who taught me to fly,
Sent me up solo and left me to die.
So, if your blow jet should ever stall,
You're due for one hell of a fall.
No lillies or violets for dead fighter pilots,
So cheer up my lads, bless them all.

Bless them all, bless them all,
The long, and the short, and the tall.
Bless all the sergeants the sour-puss ones,
Bless the corporals and their dopey sons.
Cause we're saying good-bye to them all,
The long and the short and the tall.
There'll be no promotions on this side of the ocean,
so while we are here bless them all.

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, maps and such
You can tell a fighter jockey but **YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!**

THE FAC SONG

How does every good FAC song start?
Da, Da, Da, Da,... TITS!

Dear Mom, your son is dead.
He bought the farm today
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Minh highway
It was a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

He went across the fence to see what he could see,
and there it was a plain as it could be
It was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

He got right on the horn, and gave The Dasc' a call,
"Send me air I've got a truck that's stalled"
The Dasc' said "That's all right, I'll send you Chieftain flight
for I am the POWER."

The fighters checked right in, gunfighters two by two,
Low on gas, and a tanker over due.
They asked that FAC to mark, just where that truck was parked.
Mmm, Mmm, mmm.

The FAC he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark,
Exactly where that truck was parked.
The rest is still in doubt, because he never pulled out.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

(with reverence)
Dear Mom your SON is dead
He bought the farm today
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Minh's highway
It was a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass

HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!
How did he go?...straight in
What was he doin'?...351
Hell of a deal!...WHOOOEE

Cocksucker, motherfucker, eat a bag of shit
Cunt hair, douche bag, bit your mother's tit
We're the best fighter squadron, all the others suck
CHIEFS, CHIEFS, CHIEFS, RAH RAH FUCK!

THE AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high, into the sun,
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At em boys, give em the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame;
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the vastness of the sky,
To a friend we send the message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The U.S. Air Force;

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Set it high into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived God only knew;
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wings, ever to soar
With fighters and bombers galore.
Nothing will stop the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true;
If you live to be a grey haired wonder
Keep your nose out of the blue,
Flying men, guarding our nations border,
We'll be there followed by more
In echelon, we'll carry on,
Nothing will stop the U.S. Air Force.

Off we go, on a one-hour test hop,
Over land, not over the sea.
And for this feat we get a ten day furlough,
A raise in pay, a DFC.
We're heroes all, if you can tell by the medals
We get a lot, more as we go.
We're out...to kill...ourselves...we will
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

OFFICIAL TOASTS

A FIGHTER PILOTS TOAST:

Here's to me in my sober mood
When I ramble, sit and think
Here's to me in my drunken mood
When I gamble, sin and drink

But when my flying days are over
And from this world I pass
I hope they bury me upside down
So the world can kiss my ass.

TOAST TO THOSE THAT FLY

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silver dawn
With black smoke trailing behind us
To show where our comrades have gone

So stand with your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
We'll drink to those who are living
And hurrah for the next man to die!

THE AIRMAN'S LAMENT

I am an aviator, I will not drink
But if I do, I will not get drunk
But if I do, I will not stagger
But if I do, I will not fall down
But if I do, I will fall face first
so no one can see my wings

HERE'S TO _____

Here's to _____, that filthy hag,
That sleazy, slimy slut.
Green fungus lies between her thighs
And worms crawl out her butt.

Before I'd scale those scabby legs
Or suck those pus-filled tits
I'd drink a cup of buzzard puke
And die the grizzly shits.

A TOAST TO HONORS

TOASTMASTER: "Let's have a toast to honor."

RESPONSE: "Get on her and stay on her."

A WELCOMING TOAST

TOASTMASTER: "Let's say hello to _____."

RESPONSE: "HELLO ASS HOLE!"

I CRUD

A game of skill consisting of two opposing teams made up of any equal number of players and a referee. The game is played on any standard size pool table with two balls, a cue ball and a target ball (8-ball). The target ball is initially placed on a point halfway between the cussion and the normal spot at one end of the table. The server uses the cue ball to hit the target ball to start the game. The server is selected by a coin toss or some other means selected by the referee. Subsequent servers become the following the player who received the last life. The object of the game is to shoot the cue ball at the target ball while it is still in motion causing target ball to go into a pocket and out of play, thus giving a life to the preceding player or the following player, depending on the referee's ruling. The cue ball must be shot from a position where the shooter's balls/lips is behind either end of the table. The server gets three shots at the target ball to hit it and put it in play. Any player receiving three lifes is out of the game. Shooters are rotated in and out of the game by alternately going down each teams roster in order until all players are in the game and the play is rotated back to the top of the roster.

ALL DECISIONS MADE BY THE REFEREE ARE FINAL.

How LIFES are scored (one life for each infraction):

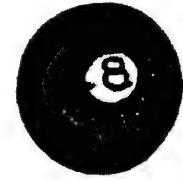
1. Person shooting before/behind you sinks the target ball. (Ref's decision)
2. Playing out of turn.
3. Missing the target ball three times on a serve.
4. If the target ball rolls dead(to a stop), a life is scored on the following shooter.
5. If the shooter doesn't move the target ball at least 6" (length of Canadian dollar bill) from point of impact with the cue ball, the life is on him.
6. Shooter shoots the cue ball without having his balls/lips behind the end of the table.
7. Running into the referee or spilling his drink.
8. Unnecessary verbal abuse to the referee.
9. Player causes any ball to leave the table.
10. Touching the object ball.
11. Shooting the cue ball at the target ball without having at least one foot on the floor.
12. Any player interfering with the immediate play of the game without being involved in the immediate play, receives a life. Allow three feet of playing room around the entire table. Immediate players are the shooter, the person preceding him and the person following him.

13. Drooping the cue ball directly on top of the target ball.

14. Unauthorized interference with the shooter.

NOTES:

- a. The 6" rule does not apply to a "Double Kiss". A double kiss is hitting the target ball with the cue ball against the side of the table and the target ball bounces back to hit the cue ball again, coming to a complete stop. In this case the ball does not have to travel 6" and the life is given to the next player.
- b. All the holes in the table may be used to sink the target ball.
- c. When one of the teams comes down to one man, One Man rule applies where he can decide if he wants to receive or shoot regardless of who got the last life.



II BLOW PONG

A game of skill using a ping-pong ball, a flat table, and several players the object of the game is to blow the ball through one of your opponent goals while at the same time trying to prevent your own goal from being violated by the other players. If the ball passes through your hallowed goal you must chug your drink. The referee has total control of the game and must be constantly alert to infractions of the ROE. Any infraction of an ROE will require the offender to chug his drink. These ROE do not have to be briefed prior to the start of the game but may be briefed if the referee so wishes.

1. If you touch the ball or place your chin on the table, drink.

2. The person losing the heat has the hammer. As soon as he puts his glass back on the table the referee will put the ball back in play and any player not ready will drink.

3. Pointing with anything other than the elbow is not allowed.

4. If you lose the heat you are responsible for the ball. If someone steps on or disables the ball you will both drink and then go get a new ball.

5. Delay of game-- drink.

6. If the referee says so -- drink.

7. On an elimination round if your goal is violated, drink and then leave the game. This will continue until only the champion is left.

III DOLLAR BILL GAME

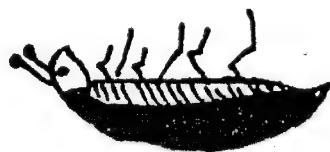
A game of chance played with the serial number of any denomination bill to promote the consumption of alcohol. The holder of the hammer draws a bill from his wallet. He then asks the person on his left or right to choose the first two or last two digits of the serial number. Then he asks the person in the opposite direction to pick a number between 00 and 99. The holder of the bill will state if the guess was high or low. This sequence continues until some fool guesses the number and buys all the players a drink of their choice.

Combat rules:

1. First two or last two are determined prior to the drawing of the bill.
2. The hammer takes one look at the bill and then places it face down on the table.
3. The hammer responds either high or low, one response for each guess. If he forgets the number he buys.
4. If anyone has to ask what is high or low, he will buy the round but the game continues for the next round.
5. The hammer may claim that any number is the point (he may be lying).
6. If the loser doubts the hammer, he may challenge him. If the hammer was lying he will buy the round. If the hammer was not lying, the challenger buys double.
7. Anyone who guesses outside of the high/low bracket buys the round, but the game continues for the next round.

IV DECEASED INSECT

IF YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY "DECEASED INSECT" ASK ANY FIGHTER PILOT



A game of chance played with three dice with the intent of winning big bucks. The player with the hammer establishes the pot. Each player in turn can bet (cover) all or part of the pot. After the entire pot is covered, or each player has bet, the hammer establishes the point. He then bets his point individually with each player. The point is the third die when a pair is rolled. The following rules apply:

1. 4,5,6 roll is automatic winner.
2. 1,2,3 roll is automatic looser.
3. 6 point is automatic winner.
4. 1 point is automatic looser.
5. Trips is an automatic winner.
6. A tie is a push and no money is exchanged.

The following rules apply to the pot:

1. Money cannot be pulled out of the pot unless the hammer rolls a 4,5,6.
2. The hammer can pull the entire pot but then must pass the dice to the left.

The following rules apply to the sequence of passing the hammer:

1. When an entire pot is lost, the hammer goes to the last bettor.
2. If someone rolls a 4,5,6, he is awarded the hammer at the completion of that round.
3. If two or more 4,5,6's are rolled, the first one receives the hammer.

A game of chance played with five dice and a cup. The player who rolls the 21st ace buys the round. To begin the player with the hammer rolls all five dice. If he rolls one or more aces he continues rolling all five dice until he doesn't roll any aces. He then passes the cup and dice to the next player. Each player will continue to roll all five dice in the same manner until the 17th ace is rolled. Then only four dice are rolled. One more die is removed for each additional ace rolled, until you have one die left to roll for the 21st ace.

VII

MAJORCA 21 ACES

This game is played the same as 21 Aces except the player who rolls the 7th ace orders a drink with 4 liquors in it. The player who rolls the 14th ace pays for the drink. The player who rolls the 21st ace drinks it.

VIII

OUIJONGBU

Description: A game of chance played with five dice.

Objective: To Win!

Purpose: To promote drunkeness.

Basic rules:

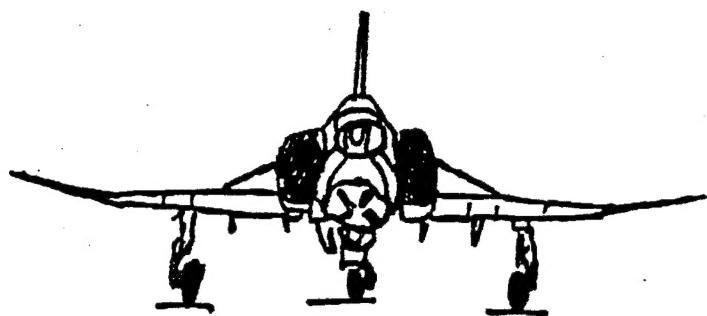
1. Highest total score at the end of the game buys.
2. Three's count as zero (they are free) and should be pulled.
3. You must roll a five on the first roll.
4. On each roll one die is turned over and the point now showing is the point for that roll.
5. The remaining dice are collected and rolled again.
6. Again, a die is rolled over and the point is added to the growing total.
7. Repeat steps 5 and 6 until all five dice have become points. Total your score and pass the dice and the cup to the next player.
8. Remember, three's are free and should be removed before rolling the point die over. If the last roll is a three then it will be rolled over to count as a four.

Combat rules:

1. Each player must preflight his ordinance before he rolls. (If he does not roll the correct number of dice, he buys)
2. Insulting the dice. (If the value of the dice you select as the point die is already showing on another die and you go ahead and turn over that die instead of just pulling the other die, you buy.)
3. Stacking the dice.
4. Rolling the dice off the bar or table.
5. Asking what the point is.

BREVITY CODE

- 99. Hot screaming shit!
- 100. Shit hot!
- 101. You've got to be shitting me!
- 102. Get off my fucking back!
- 103. Beats the shit out of me!
- 104. What the fuck, over!
- 105. It's so fucking bad I can't believe it!
- 106. I hate this fucking place!
- 107. This place sucks!
- 108. Fuck you very much!
- 109. Beautiful, just fucking beautiful!
- 110. That damned O'Club!
- 111. Here comes another fucking shoe clerk!
- 112. Here comes another fucking full bird.
- 113. Eat me!
- 114. I just got fucked again!
- 115. Bend over, here comes another good deal!
- 116. Big fucking deal!
- 117. Stick it in your ear!
- 118. Get bent!
- 119. Who gives a flying fuck!
- 120. You've got a lot of fucking balls!
- 121. Merry fucking Christmas!
- 122. Fuck it, just fuck it!
- 123. Nice ass, nice chin too!
- 124. Strictly an asshole!
- 125. You must have me confused with some one who gives a shit!



126. Fuck me in the heart'
127. Right on!
128. I'm a dot!
129. I could just s...
130. Roger that!
131. Rule one in effect tonight!
132. Faster than stink!
133. Speed of snot!
134. Badges? We don't need no stinking badges!
135. Those shit heads fucked up again!
136. I just blew it!
137. Blow their lips off!
138. The fucking maid woke me up!
139. Looks good on you!
140. Your shit is weak!
141. I've got a terminal case of the beak!
142. Fuck you! A strong letter will follow.
143. There's no damn mail again today!
144. Hope to shit in your mess kit!
145. Happiness is a warm pussy!
146. You shithead!
147. I love it so fucking much I could just shit!
148. I love the fucking Air Force and the Air Force love fucking me!
149. Show us your tits!
150. spare
151. spare 2
152. What's a cooking?

A special thanks to LtC Mike "Slammer" Decuir (335FS CC), LtC "Stormin" Ne Seip, Capt Rob "Hampy" Hampton, Capt Gary Klett "Oris", and all the Chiefs their contributions to this, their book; enjoy!.....Capt Dave "Soju" A

WHY I WANT TO BE A PILOT

In writing a theme for a 5th grade assignment, one youngster in South Carolina created a bit of humor we think you will enjoy. First published in the *South Carolina Aviation News*, it presents a child's view of becoming an aviator.

When I grow up I want to be a pilot because it's a fun job and easy to do. That's why there are so many pilots flying around these days.

Pilots don't need much school. They just have to learn to read numbers so they can read their instruments.

I guess they should be able to read a road map, too...

Pilots should be brave so they won't get scared if it's foggy and they can't see, or if a wing or motor falls off...

Pilots have to have good eyes to see through the clouds, and they can't be afraid of thunder or lightening because they are much closer to them than we are.

The salary pilots make is another thing I like. They make more money than they know what to do with. This is because most people think that flying a plane is dangerous, except pilots don't because they know how easy it is.

I hope I don't get air-sick because I get car-sick and if I get air-sick I couldn't be a pilot and then I would have to go to work.

WHEN TRAVELING IN MOSLEM AREAS

AKBAR KHALI-KILI HAFTIR LOTFAN

Thank you for showing me your marvelous gun.

FEKR GABUL CARDEN DAVAT PAEH GUSH DIVAR

I am delighted to accept your kind invitation to lie down on the floor with my arms above my head and my legs apart.

SHOMAEH FEKR TAMOMEH QEH GOFTEH BANDE

I agree with everything you have ever said or thought in your life.

AUTO ARRAREGH DAVATEMAN MANO SEPAHEL-HAST.

It is exceptionally kind of you to allow me to travel in the trunk of your car.

FASHAL-EH TUPEHMAN NA DECAT MANO.GOFTAM CHEESHAYEH MOHEMA RAJEBEH
KESH VAREHMAN

If you will do me the kindness of not harming my genital appendages, I will gladly reciprocate by betraying my country in public.

KHREL JEPAHAK MANEH VA JAYEH AMRIKAHEY.

I will tell you the names and addresses of many American spies traveling as reporters.

BALLI, BALLI, BALLI!

Whatever you say!

MATERNIER GEHRMEZ AHLIEH, GHORBAN.

The red blindfold would be lovely, excellency.

TIKEH NUNEH BA OB KHRELEH BEZORG VA KHRUBE BOYAST INO BEGERMAN.

The water-soaked bread crumbs are delicious, thank you. I must have the recipe.

ETEHFOR'AN, DEHRATEE, OTAGEH SHOMA MIKRASTAM KHE DO HAFTAEH BA
BODANEH SHEEREEL TEEGZ.

Truly, I would rather be a hostage to your greatly esteemed self than spend a fortnight upon the person of Cheryl Tiegs.